THE DRINK QUESTION

REV. DR TALMAGE PREACHES ON THE THREE TAVERNS

He Discusses the Dissipations of the Day and Eulogizes the Great Reformers of the Past and Present-Tribute to Neal Dow

In a unique way Dr. Talmage here discusses the dissipations of the day and eulogizes the great reformers of the past and present. His text is Acts xxviii, 5, "They came to meet us as far as Apii forum and the three taverns."

Seventeen miles south of Rome there was a village of unfortunate name. A tavern is a place of entertainment, and in our time part of the entertainment is a provision of intoxicants. One such place you would think would have been enough for that Italian village. No! There were three of them, with doors open for entertainment and obfuscation. The world has never lacked stimulating drinks. You remember the condition of Noah on one occasion, and of Abigail's husband, Nabal, and the story of Belshazzar's feast, and Benhaded, and the new wine in old bottles, and whole paragraphs on prohibition enactment thousands of years before Neal Dow was born, and no doubt there were whole shelves of inflammatory liquid in those hotels which gave the name to the village where Paul's friends came to meet him-namely, the Three Taverns. In vain I search ancient geography for some satisfying account of that village. Two roads came from the seacoast to that place, the one from Actium and the other from Puteoli, the last road being the one which Paul traveled. There were no doubt in that village houses of merchandise and mechanics' shops and professional offices, but nothing is known of them. All we know of that village is that it had a profusion of inns-the three taverns. Paul did times the same day, at this tavern the not choose any one of these taverns as the place to meet his friends. He cer- ate. Brain, liver, heart, nerves, are tainly was very abstemious, but they rapidly giving away. That tavern the made the selection. He had enlarged about keeping the body under, though once he prescribed for a young theological student a stimulating cordial for a stomach disorder, but he told him to take only a small dose-"a little wine for thy stomach's sake."

THE THREE TAVERNS.

One of the worst things about these three taverns was that they had especial temptations for those who had just come ashore. People who had just landed at Actium or Puteoli were soon tempted by these three hotels which were only a little way up from the beach. Those who are disordered of the sea (for it is a physical disorganizer), instead of waiting for the gradual return of physical equipoise, are apt to take artificial means to brace up. Of the 1,000,000 sailors on the sea, how few of them coming ashore will escape the three taverns! After surviving hurricanes, cyclones, icebergs, collisions, many of them are wrecked in harbor. I warrant that if a calculation were made of the comparative number of sailors lost at sea and lost ashore those drowned by the crimson wave of dissipation would far outnumber those drowned by the salt water.

Alas, that the large majority of those

who go down to the sea in ships should have twice to pass the three tavernsnamely, before they go out and after they come in! That fact was what aroused Father Taylor, the great sailor's preacher, at the Sailors' Bethel, Boston, and at a public meeting at Charlestown, he said, "All the machinery of the drunkard making, soul destroying business is in perfect running order, from the low grog holes on the docks kept open to ruin my poor sailor boys to the great establishments in Still House square, and when we ask men what is to be done about it they say, 'You can't help it,' and yet there is Bunker Hill, and you say you can't stop it, and up there are Lexington and Concord." We might answer Father Taylor's remark by saying, 'The trouble is not that we can't stop it, but that we won't stop it." We must have more generations slain before the world will fully wake up to the evil. That which tempted the travelers of old who came up from the seaports of Actium and Puteoli is now the ruin of seafaring men as they come up from the coasts of all the continentsnamely, the three taverns. In the autumn, about this time, in the year charged by Festus with being insane, 1837, the steamship Home went out from New York for Charleston. There were about 100 passengers, some of them widely known. Some of them had been summering at the northern watering places, and they were on their way south, all expectant of hearty greeting by their friends on the wharfs of Charleston. But little more than two days out the ship struck the rocks. A lifeboat was launched, but sank with all its passengers. A mother was seen standing on the deck of the steamer with her child in her arms. A wave wrenched the child from the mother's arms and rolled in into the sea, and the mother leaped after it.

The sailors rushed to the bar of the boat and drank themselves drunk. Ninety-five human beings went down never to rise or to be floated upon the beach amid the fragments of the wreck. What was the cause of the disaster? A drunken sea captain. But not until the judgment day, when the sea shall give up its dead, and the story of earthly disasters shall be fully told, will it be known how many yachts, steamers, brigantines, men-of-war and ocean grey hounds have been lost through captain and crew made incompetent by alcoholic dethronement. Admiral Farragut had proper appreciation of what the flery stimulus was to a man in the navy. An officer of the warship said to him: "Admiral, won't you consent to give Jack a glass of grog in the morning? Not enough to make him drunk, but enough to make him fight cheerfully." The admiral answered: "I have been to sea considerably and have seen a battle or two, but I never found that I needed rum to enable me to do my duty. I will order two cups of coffee to each man at 2 o'clock in the morning, and at 8 o'clock I will pipe all hands to breakfast in Mobile bay." The three taverns of my text were

too near the Mediteranean shipping.

AN OVERDONE BUSINESS. But notice the multiplicity. What could that Italian village, so small that history makes but one mention of it, want with more than one tavern? There were not enough travelers coming through that insignificent town to support more than one house of lodgment. That would have furnished enough pillows and enough breakfasts. No; the world's appetite is diseased, and the subsequent drafts must be taken to slake the thirst created by the

preceding drafts. Strong drink kindles the fires of thirst faster than it puts them out. There were three taverns. That which cursed that Italian village curses Christendom today-too many taverns. There are streets in some of our cities where there are three of four taverns on every block-aye, where every house is a tavern. You can take the Arabic numeral of my text, the three, and put on the right hand side of it one cipher and two ciphers and four ciphers, and that re-enforcement of numerals wil not express the statistics of American rummeries. Even if it were a good, healthy business, supplying necessity, an article superbly nutritious, it is a business mightily overdone, and there are three taverns where there ought to be only one.

The fact is, there are in another snse, three taverns now-the gorgeous tavern of the affluent, the medium tavern for the working classes and the tav ern of the slums-and they stand in line, and many people beginning with the first come down through the second and come out at the thrd. At the first of the three taverns the wines are of celebrated vintage, and the whiskies are said to be pure, and they are quaffed from cut glass at marble side tables, under pictures approaching mastergloves and hand their silk hats to the waiter and push back their hair with a hand on one finger of which is a cameo. But those patrons are apt to stop visiting the place. It is not the money that a man pays for drinks-for what are a few hundred or a few thousand dollars to a man of large incomebut their brain gets touched, and that unbalances their judgment, and they can see fortunes in enterprises surcharged with disaster. In longer or shorter time they change taverns, and they come down to tavern the second, where the pictures are not quite so scrupulus of suggestion, and the small table is rougher, and the caster standing on it is of German silver, and the air has been kept over from the night before, and that which they sip from the pewter mug has a larger percentage of benzine, ambergris, creosote, heabane, strychnine, prussic acid, coculus indicus, plaster of paris, copperas and nightshade. The patron may be seen almost every day, and perhaps many second, but he is preparing to gradusecond has its dismal echo in his business destroyed and family scattered and woes that choke one's vocabulary it would, but a business that cannot Time passes on, and he enters tavera the third; a red light outside, a hiccoughing and besotted group inside. He will be dragged out of doors about 2 o'clock in the morning and left on the sidewalk, because the bartender wants to shut up. The poor victim has taken | fourth story window; how many young the regular course in the college of degradation. He has his diploma written on his swollen, bruised and blotched physiognomy. He is a regular graduate of the three taverns. As the police take him up and put him in death did make them part were the ambulance the wheels seem to rumble with two rolls of : nunder, one of which says, "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." The other thunder roll says, "All drunkards shall have their place in the lake that burneth fire and with brimstone."

TEMPTATION.

I am glad to find in this scene of the text that there is such a thing as declining successfully great tavernian temptations. I can see from what Paul said and did after he had traveled the following seventeen miles of his journey that he had received no damage at the three taverns. How much he was tempted I know not. Do not suppose he was superior to temptation. That particular temptation has destroyed many of the grandest, mightiest, noblest statesmen, philosophers, heroes, clergymen, apostles of law and medicine and government and religion. Paul was not physically well underany circumstances. It was not in mock depreciation that he said he was "in bodily presence weak." It seems that his eyesight was so poor that he did his writing through an amanuensis, for he mentions it as something remarkable that his shortest epistle, the one to Philemon, was in his own penmanship, saying, "I, Paul, have written it with my own hanl." He had been thrown from his horse, he had been stoned, he had been endungeoned, he had had his nerves pulled on by preaching at Athens to the most scholarly audience of all the earth, and at Corin: to the most brilliantly profiigate assemblage and had been howled uron by the Ephesian worshipers of Diana, tried for his life before Felix, had crawled upon the beach, drenched in the shipwreck, and much of the time had an iron handcuff on his wrist, and

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hearts; how many people who prom-

graves have you dug and filled in the

cemetery; how many beggered through

how high would the mountain be? If

would be the lake or how long the riv-

subject the modern taverns are as si-

lent as the oriental three taverns, but

there are milions of hearts that throb

mother in Oxford, Mass., whose son

had been long absent from home and

was returning, and at the tavern on the

way he was persuaded to drink, and

that one drink aroused a former habit,

and again and again he drank, and he

ws found the next morning dead in the

barn of the tavern. The owner of the

tavern who gave him the rum helped

carry his body home, and his broken

hearted mother, afterward telling

about it, said: "I was wrong, but I

cursed him. I did it. Heaven forgive

THE ROCK OF SAFETY.

But what a glad time when the world

comes to its last three taverns for the

sale of intoxicants! Now there are so

many of them that statistics are only a

more or less accurate guess as to their

number. We sit with half closed eyes

and undisturbed nerves and hear that

in 1872 in the United States there were

1,964 breweries, 4,349 distilleries and

by this time these figures may be

truthfully doubled. The fact is that

these establishments are innumerable,

and the discussion is always dishearten

ing, and the impression is abroad that

the plague is so mighty and universal

book of Lamentations and not with the

book of Revelation. Excuse me from

adopting any such infidel theory. The

Bible reiterates it until there is no more

power in inspiration to make it plainer

that the earth is to be not half or

three-quarters, but wholly redeemed.

On that rock I take my triumphant

stand and join in the chorus of ho-

One of the most advantageous move-

ments in the right direction is taking

arithmetic, are books telling the lads

and lasses of 10 and 12 and 15 years of

abyss before it swallows them. Oh,

tures and congresses, widen and aug-

ment that work, and you hasten the

complete overthrow of this evil! It

will go down. I have the word of Al-

mighty God for that in the assured ex-

tirpation of all sin. But shall we have

liquor saloons will drop from the hun-

thousands, and then from the thou-

sands into the hundreds, and then

The first of these last three taverns

will be where the educated and philo-

from the hundreds into the tens, and

and from the tens to three.

boards of education, teachers

171,669 retail dealers, and that possibly

him and me."

if any manneeded stimulus Paulneeded | tenances. The second of these last three it, but with all his physical exhaustion taverns will take down its flaming sign pieces. The patrons pull off their kid he got past the three taverns undam- and extinguish its red light and close aged and stepped into Rome all ready its doors, for the working classes will for the remendous ordeal to which he have concluded to buy their own horses was subjected. Oh, how many mighty and furnish their own beautiful homes men, feeling that they must brace up and replenish finely the wardrobe of after extraordinary service and pre- their own wives and daughters instead pare themselves for other service, have of providing the distillers, the brewers called on the spirit of wine for inspi- and liquor sellers with wardrobes and ration, and in afew years have been mirrors and carriages. And the next time that second tavern is opened it sacrificed on the altar of a Moloch will be a drug store, or a bakery, or a who sits on a throne of human carcasdry good establishment, or a school ses. It would not be wise or kind or Christian to call their names in pub- Then there will be only one more of the three dissipating taverns left. I lic, but you call them out of your own don't know in what country or city or memory. Oh, how many splendid men could not get past the three taverns! neighborhood it will be, but look at it, for it is the very last. The last inebri-Notice that a profound mystery is at tached to these Italian hostelries. No ate wil have staggered up to its counhotel register tells the name of those ter and put down his pennies for his who stopped at those taverns, there is dram. Its last horrible adulteration will be mixed and quaffed to eat out no old account book as to how many the vitals and inflame the brain. The drank there, there is no broken chalice or jug to suggest what was the style of last drunkard will have stumbleddown its front steps. The last spasm of delirliquid which these customers consumed ium tremens caused by it will be strug-So an awful mystery hangs about the gled through. The old rookery will be barrooms of the modern taverns. Oh, torn down, and with its demolition will if they would only keep a book upon the counter or a scroll that could be close the long and awful reign of the unrolled from the wall telling how mightiest of earth's abominations. The last of the dissipating three taverns of many homesteads they have desolated and how many immortal souls they all the world will be as thoroughly blotted out as were the three taverns have blasted! You say that would of my text. spoil their business. Well, I suppose CHEER FOR REFORMERS. plainly tell its effect upon its custo-With these thoughts I cheer Chrismers is a business that ought to be tian reformers in their work, and what spoiled. Ah, you mysterious barrooms rejoicing on earth and heaven there speak out and tell how many suicides will be over the consummation! Withwent out from you to halter or pisin a few days one of the greatest of the tol or knife or deadly leap from leaders in this cause went up to en-

thronement. The world never had but men, started well in life, were halted one Neal Dow and may never have anby you and turned on the wrong road other. He has been an illumination to dragging after them bleeding parental the century. The stand he took has directly and indirectly saved hundreds of ised at the marriage altar fidelity until thousands from drunkards graves. Seeing the wharfs of Portland, Me., covbrought by you to early and ghastly ered with casks of West Indian rum, separation; how many madhouses have nearly an acre of it at one time, and you filled with maniacs; how many the city smoking with seven distilleries, he began the warfare against drunkenness more than half a century the fathers whom you destroyed. If ago. The good he has done, the the skeletons of those whom you have homes he has kept inviolate, the high slain were piled up on top of each other moral sense with which he has infused ten generations, are a story that neiththe tears of all the orphanage and er earth nor heaven can afford to let widowhood that you have pressed out die. Derided, belittled, caricatured, were gathered together, how wide maligned for a quarter of a century as few men have been, he has lived on er? Ah, the make no answer. On this until at his decease universal newspaperdom speaks his praise, and the eulogiums of his career on this side of the sea have been caught up by the cawith most vehement condemnation, and thedral organ sounding his requiem on many of them would go as far as the the other. His whole life having been for God and the world's betterment, when at half past 3 o'clock in the afternoon of October 2 he left his home on earth surrounded by loving ministries and entered the gates of his eternal residence, I think there was a most unusual welcome and salutation given him. Multitudes enter heaven only because of what Christ has done for them, the welcome not at all intensifled because of anything they had done for him. But all heaven knew the story of that good man's life, and the beauty of his deathbed, where he said: "I long to be free." I think all the reformers of heaven came out to hail him in, the departed legislators who made laws to restrain intemperance, the consecrated platform orators who thrilled the generations that are gone, with "righteousness, temperance and judgment to come." Albert Barnes and John B. Gough were there to greet him, and golden tongued patriarch Stephen H. Tyng was there, and John W. Hawkins, the founder of the much derided and glorously useful "Washingtonian movement" was there, and John Stearns and Commodore Foote and Dr. Marsh and Governor Briggs and Eliphalet Nott, and my lovely friend Alfred Colquitt, the Christian it can never be cured, and the most of senator, and hundreds of those who lasermons on this subject close with the bored for the overthrow of the drunkenness that yet curses the earth were there to meet him and escort him to his throne and shout at his coronation.

THE DEPARTED NEAL DOW. God let him live on for near a century to show what good habits and cheerfulness and faith in the final triumph of all that is good can do for a man in this world and to add to the number of those who would be on the other side to attend his entrance. But this whole subject into the education of he will come back again. "Yes," say the young. On the same school desk some of you, with Martha, about Lazawith the grammer, the geography, the rus to Jesus, "I know he will rise at the resurrection of the last day." Ah, I do not mean that. Ministering spirits age weat are the physiological effects are all the time coming and going beof strong drink, what it does with the tween earth and heaven-the Bible tissue of the liver and the ventricles of | teaches it—and do you suppose the old the-brain, and whereas other genera- hero just ascended will not come down ions did not realize the evil until their | and help us in the battle that still goes own bodies were blasted we are to have on? He will. Into thehearts of discoura generation taught what the viper is aged reformers he will come to speak before it stings them, what the hyena good cheer. When legislators are deis before it rends them, how deep is the | ciding how they can best stop the rum traffic of America by legal enactment, in he will help them vote for the right schools, professors in colleges, legisla- and rise undismayed from temporary defeat. In this battle will Neal Dow be until the last victory is gained and the smoke of the last distillery has curled on the air, and the last tear of despoiled homesteads shall be wiped away. O departed nonagenarian! Afa share in the universal victory? The | ter you have taken good rest from your struggle of 70 active years come down dreds of thousands into the scare of again into the fight and bring with you a host of the old Christian war-In this battle the visible troops are

riors who once mingled in the fray. not so mighty as the invisible. The gospel campaign began with the supernatural—the midnight chant that woke sophic and the high up will take their | the shepherds, the hushed sea, the eyedream, but that class, aware of the sight given where the patient had been power of the example they have been without the optic nerve, the sun oblitsetting, will turn their backs upon the erated from the noonday heavens, the evil custom and be satisfied with thetwo law of gravitation loosing its grip as natural beverages that God intended Christ ascended, and as the gospel for the stimulus of the race—the Java | campaign began with the supernatural, coffee plantations furnishing the best of | and the winds and the waves and the the one and the Chinese teafields the lightings and the earthquakes will best of the other. And some day the come in on the right side and against barroom will be crowded with people at the wrong side, and our ascended the venders and the auctioneer's mallet | champions will return whether the will pound at the sale of all the appur. I world sees them or does not see them.

I do not think that those great souls departed are going to do nothing hereafter but sing psalms, and play harps and breath the frankincense, and walk seas of glass mingled with fire. The mission they fulfilled while in the body will be eclipsed by their post mortem mission, with faculties quickened and velocities multiplied, and it may have been to that our dying reformer referred when he said, "I long to be free." There may be bigger worlds than this to be redeemed and more gigantic abominations to be overthrown than this world ever saw, and the discipline got here may only be preliminary drill for a campaign in some other world and perhaps some other constellation But the crowned heroes and heroines, because of their grander achievements in greater spheres, wil not forget this old world where they prayed and suffered and triumphted. Church milltant and church triumphant, but two divisions of the same army-right wing and left wing.

One army of the living God, At his command we bow. Part of the host have crossed the flood And part are crossing now.

Alex Glimore, the Outlaw

Alex Gilmore, colored, the Cumberland county outlaw who was captured at Jacksonville, Onslow county, last Monday, was brought to Wilmington yesterday afternoon by Deputy Sheriff H. A. Jarman, of Jacksonville, and Mr. Robert James, of Duplin county, who were on their way to Fayetteville with their prisoner. They carried him to the station house and locked him in a cell till the 3:55 o'clock p. m. train left on the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley railway, when they left for Fayetteville. A Messenger representative called at

the station house and had a conversation

with Gilmore. He was locked up in a cell

but was brought outside, after the iron doors of the corridor had been locked. He is a black negro, 22 years of age, as he informed us, and according to his statement he has lived in Wilmington, and has kin people here. He once worked for Mr. J. C. Stewart, on Fourth street. Gilmore was suffering from the wounds he received by being shot last Sunday in the Clear Run section of Cumberland county. His right arm was in a sling and he had shot all over his body. He stated that he was shot last Sunday night between 12 and 1 o'clock while on his way from church. His story is that he and Ed Smith, colored, were walking along the road, with another negro named Teadwell, and heard voices. Suddenly LUMBAGO. without being hailed the report of a couple of guns rang out and he was peppered with shot. He had forty shots lodged in his body. His right arm was badly shot, and his legs, back, neck, head and ears were peppered. If the shots had

Gilmore said he was staying at the house of Willis Smith, colored, five miles from Clear Run, Sampson county, and was working in the neighborhood. He says he is innocent of any crime, and he does not look like a mean negro, although he is charged with murder, burglary and highway robbery. It is said, in fact, that he has committed not less than four murders. He was outlawed and has defled arrest, declaring that he would never be taken alive. A large reward was offered by Cumberland county for his ar-

been large he would have been litterally

After being shot he escaped and made his way to the lower edge of Duplin county, and Mr. Robert James hearing that there was a reward for him, followed him to Jacksonville, Onslow county. While he was at the depot to take the train for Wilmington Monday morning, Mr. James walked up to him and took him into custody. He carried him before Mayor J. W. Burton and swore out a warrant for his arrest. Deputy Sheriff Jarman then executed the warrant in the presence of the mayor.

The Sampson Democrat, of Clinton, N.

C., says in its issue of yesterday: "Alex Gilmore, the Cumberland county outlaw, a mulatto who has committed sundry crimes, including burglaries, and for whom there is a large reward, has at last been captured. Before day on Monday morning of last week, Constable Alex Kelly, of Lisbon township, Sampson county, and a posse of deputies located Gilmore at a point near Six Runs, They came upon him in the road and commanded him to surrender. The outlaw ran and was fired at seven times by the posse whose guns were charged with duck shot, many of which took effect. Though terribly wounded, Gilmore escaped into an adjacent swamp and was lost. The next day he was seen by several persons in the neighborhood who feared to undertake to arrest him, and who reported that his right arm was broken and that he had a terrible wound in his right leg. He was shot almost all over the body. He had been visiting friends in the Lisbon neighborhood where he was well known as Alex. Murphy. He has numerous names and is known by different ones in many communities. On last Monday Sheriff Marshburn received a telegram stating that Gilmore was under arrest at Jacksonville, Onslow county, which point he had reached in some unaccountable manner. He was badly wounded when arrested. The Cumberland authorities have been notified and Gilmore will be taken to Fay-etteville. His captor will receive a large

A Steamer Ashore

Kingston, Ja., October 21-The steamer Bernard, of Boston, Mass., is ashore in Morant bay. It is feared that she will prove a wreck. She is owned by the Boston Fruit Company, of Boston, Mass., and is commanded by Captain Mitchener. She sailed from Baltimore on October 14th and was bound for Port Morant. She was built at Liverpool in 1870, is 231 feet long, 26 feet beam and 21 feet deep.

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